

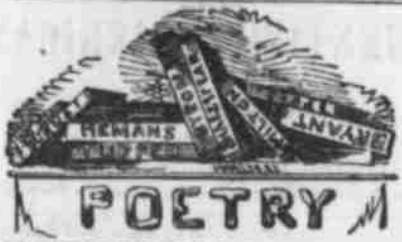
# The Carroll Free Press.

"THE UNION OF THE STATES AND THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNION."

VOLUME 23,---NUMBER 43.

CARROLLTON, CARROLL COUNTY, OHIO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1855.

WHOLE NUMBER, 1239.



## The Village Courtship.

Tapping at the window  
Peeping o'er the blind—  
'Tis really most surprising,  
He never learns to mind;  
'Twas only yesterday evening,  
As in the dark we sat,  
My mother asked me sharply,  
'Pray, Mary, who is that?'  
Who's that, indeed?—you're certain  
How much she made me start,  
Men seem to lose their wisdom,  
Where'er they lose their heart.

Yes! there he is—I see him!  
The lamp he shed down throws  
Across the curtained window—  
He's stepping on his toes  
He'll never think of tapping,  
Or making any din;  
A knock though even the slightest  
Is worse than looking in!  
Tapt tapt—Would any think it?  
He never learns to mind,  
'Tis surely most surprising,  
He thinks my mother blind.

'Tis plain, I must go to him;  
It's no use now to cough—  
I'll open the door just softly,  
I'll not be sent him off;  
'Tis well if from the door step  
He be not shortly off—  
Oh, man, there he's a trouble,  
'Till he came in the world  
Tapping at a window—  
And, copying o'er the blind;  
Oh, man, but you're a trouble,  
A d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d!

## The Book.

BY FRANKLIN S. COZZENS.

I lent my love a book one day—  
She brought it back, I said to her,  
'Twas little better than to say,  
She was so strange and I so shy.

But yet we loved indifferent things—  
The sprouting buds the birds in tune;  
And time stood still, and wretched his wings  
With rays links from June to June.

For her, what task to dare or do  
What peril tempt? what hardship bear?  
But with it all, she never knew  
My heart, and what was hidden there!

And she with me, so cold and coy,  
Seemed like a maid bereft of sense;  
But in a crowd all life and joy,  
And full of blushing impudence.

She married well, a woman needs  
A mate, her life and love to share;  
And little cares sprung up like weeds,  
And played around her elbow chair.

And years rolled by, but I, content,  
Primed my own lamp and kept it bright,  
Till age's touch my hair besprang,  
With rays and gleams of silver light.

And then it chanced, I took the book  
Which she had read in days gone by,  
And as I read, such passion took  
My frame I needs must frown or cry.

For here and there her love was writ  
In old half-faded pencil signs,  
As if she yielded, bit by bit,  
Her heart, in dots and underlines.

Ah, altered heart! too late you look!  
I know it; let me here record  
This making; lend me maid a book,  
Unless you read it afterward.

[Home Journal.]

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### Quacks and Quackeries.

The labors and researches of the physician, made public through considerations of humanity, are too often seized upon by rapacious quackery, turned into channels of unmitigated selfishness, and made the instruments of evil rather than good. In this manner many of the brightest discoveries of human genius have been degraded by vile and unscrupulous imitations, which, assuming the same name and wearing the same garb, have been thrust before the people. Nothing is more truly humiliating to the physician who, with high purposes, labors through weary years to work out the great problem of science to which he has devoted himself, than to see the first announcement of his success eagerly seized upon by a class of piratical quacks, who live and grow fat upon other men's labors. This class is as old as the days of Virgil—

'Sic vos non vobis'—

is as applicable at the present day as when the old poet chafed it upon the walls of Rome. No sooner does the physician proclaim the truth he has discovered, and the knowledge he possesses, than a dozen hungry nostrum-venders set to work to enrich themselves with the fruits of his toil. The charlatan, the quack, the greedy adventurer, begins his trade by associating himself with the name, or the system which he means to imitate, and strives, by every means in his power, to confound and mislead the public to his own advantage.

In the ordinary affairs of life, such deception is attended with only passing consequences—the loss of a few dollars, a watch, a horse, or of property more considerable in value—and in most instances is amenable to the laws against 'swindling.' In the sale of 'patent medicines,' on the contrary, health—nay, life itself—is daily sacrificed, and yet the law has no power to afford protection to the afflicted, or accord punishment to the guilty.

Medicines are employed as the antidotes to

disease, and when disease has become deeply seated and inveterate, they must needs be both active and potent to uproot it. They are not playthings that can be used by the ignorant without danger. Everybody knows how much care and judgment the physician finds it necessary to employ in their use, and yet we daily see persons swallowing patent 'pills,' and 'syrups,' and 'balsams,' without a thought of the folly or danger of so doing, or even reflecting, that in almost every instance they are prepared by men who 'know little of medicines beyond their names,' and nothing of either the physiology or diseases of the system. How few, indeed, look beyond the advertisement by which they are induced to purchase the nostrum, to inquire into the professional character of its assumed discoverer! Did they do so, they would be somewhat startled to find that in almost every instance, his medical education is scarcely superior to their own.

The proprietors of 'patent medicines' are of two classes. By far the larger number are wholly innocent of all medical instruction. They have got hold of a prescription—probably purchased it from some of the many advertisers of 'A certain means of making a speedy fortune for twenty-five cents.' With this valuable document, and a few hundred dollars of capital, the embryo speculator lays the foundation of his future fortune by drawing up an advertisement, in which he sets forth that his, or rather he should say 'Dr.——'s 'syrup,' or 'decoction,' or 'balsam,' or 'pills,' is 'an infallible cure' for at least twenty of the most prevalent and fatal diseases to which mankind are liable. He resumes the title of doctor, not because a medical college has conferred it upon him, for he has never been inside of one in his life, but because he is engaged in 'doctoring.'

The other class are scarcely less scrupulous. They profess to be engaged in legitimate business as druggists, but no sooner is a new remedy proposed by a physician, and brought prominently under the notice of the profession, than they seize upon it as the basis for a new patent medicine. Sarsaparilla is an example in point. Some twenty years ago, the use of this drug, which had previously fallen into disrepute, was revived as very beneficial in certain diseases. From this date, we find 'decoctions,' 'compound decoctions,' and 'syrups' of sarsaparilla manufactured and sold as nostrums all over the world. If we examine these preparations, in a few of them we find even a trace of sarsaparilla. In one instance, bi-chloride of mercury has been detected as an ingredient, and yet the chief object for which they have been given has been to 'purge mercury from the system!'

What we have said of sarsaparilla is equally true of wild cherry bark. Dr. Hastings, of London, suggested naphtha as a remedy in certain diseases of the lungs, and though it was almost immediately proved to be worthless, if not injurious, we find 'syrups of naphtha' sold as a patent medicine in almost all the drug stores. A few years ago, medical men began to use Cod-liver oil, and immediately a dozen villainous mixtures were compounded and sold as 'pure cod-liver oil,' to the injury of thousands. In the spring of 1851 we introduced inhalation as a systematized mode of practice in the treatment of diseases of the lungs, and now, without any aid, instruction, or countenance from us, there are persons in this and neighboring cities, professing to employ 'the same medicines,' and to 'perfectly understand our practice.' Others are perambulating over the country. We have heard of them at Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago, Louisville, New Orleans, Boston, Montreal, and several other places. Some have had the coolness to refer to us, but in every instance before our reply could reach their victims they had disappeared.

These are great evils, and not only sacrifice thousands of lives, but prevent a fair investigation of most medical discoveries. Physicians are cheated out of the honor, and the afflicted deprived of the benefits which both would otherwise enjoy. But are they evil beyond remedy? We think not. While laws exist to punish swindling in the sale of a bogus watch, we cannot see why they should not to punish the same act in the sale of a patent medicine, or in the false assumption of the title and functions of a doctor. The pretences are equally false and the motives equally dishonest. But we know it is useless to talk of legal restrictions. The world has got into its head the notion that laws to protect health and life are unnecessary, and there is no way of getting out. There is, however, a means of effectually counteracting these evils. We live in an age when most people can read, and in a country where all that is necessary is to clearly point out any flagrant imposition, and the loud clamor of public indignation will at once correct it. Mankind have a natural reluctance to being deceived and swindled, and then laughed at by that tribe of vulgar pretenders who sell 'syrups,' 'stomach correctors,' and 'abdominal supporters,' but they read an advertisement claiming for these, wonderful virtues, and as nobody says to the contrary, they are led to purchase and try them. But think you any man would be so stupid as to buy a

'supporter' composed of steel, india rubber and cotton-wool, and put it on the outside of his body to cure ulcers in the lungs, if he but reflected for a moment, or if any person called his attention to the absurdity of such a proceeding? We believe these nostrums only find sale because they are unexposed, and that the proper course to banish them is to open the 'sealed book' and teach the people the common principles of rational medicine; through medical journals specially designed for their reading, or, better still because more general, through the columns of the newspaper press. The foolish objection of our profession to this course is really the groundwork of quackery. So long as medical information is withheld, what can even educated men and women possibly know of their own anatomy and physiology, or about the causes and cure of disease? And without knowledge, how are they to judge of what is true and what false? True, most well informed persons escape the grosser quackeries by the simile exercise of their intelligence, out what becomes of the poor who have not this advantage? Life to them is surely quite as sweet, and the 'res angusta domi,' is not a sufficient excuse for abandoning them to the cupidity and ignorance of quacks.

Physicians must become the medical instructors of the people, and must be spirited enough in the work to fight against and expose those influences which degrade our profession, no less than they sacrifice the health and lives of the afflicted. Until this is done, quackery will ride in a gilded coach, and good men sigh in vain over the miseries it occasions. In our next issue we intend to expose the impositions practised upon consumptive invalids, beginning with an arch and 'old' offender of this city.—[Medical Specialist.]

## WRECK OF THE WILLIAM PENN.

The following is an extract from a letter written by Mrs. Cole, wife of Capt. Cole, of the William Penn, lately wrecked off Cape Hatteras. The ship grounded on a shoal on the morning of the 30th of September.

As we were attempting to lower our boats, four men were drowned in the breakers; and in the course of a very little time our three boats, upon which we had placed much dependence, were all capsized and taken adrift, and our long boat broken up by the falling of the masts. Yet there was as much order and decorum among that crew as in ordinary duty on board ship. With cheerfulness they immediately went to work to construct a raft, and furnished it with provisions &c., as a dernier resort—although all felt that the final breaking up of the ship might not take place for twenty-four hours or more. We could distinctly see many people standing on the shore, looking on our forlorn condition.

But the day wore away, and the dreariness of night came on: when it was dark we showed blue lights, which signal we thought we saw returned from shore, but no kindly hand offered relief. The breakers now became fearful about our ship, which shook her like a trembling leaf, and about 9 o'clock in the evening we found our cabin filling and knew the crisis must be near at hand. Permission was then given to all that choose, to repair to the raft. The first and second mate went forward, lowered the raft, and seven men with them.

The captain chose to remain still on the ship, and repaired to the quarter deck with as many as liked to remain with him; and what was quite remarkable, out of our number of 20 we were equally divided—eight went with the officers and eight remained with the captain and myself. As we stood there, watching the final breaking up, no one would have discovered the least trepidation or dismay; but there was perfect cool deliberation, each watching the pieces as they separated, and the captain constantly directing their attention to such as he thought would be safe to venture on and saying 'each of you, elect according to your judgement.'

We took an affectionate fare well of each other and commended ourselves to the tender mercies of a compassionate God. Just before the bulwark fell in, my husband says—'Boys, will any of you assist in saving my wife?'—One noble sailor standing near him promptly replied—'that Sir is what I have remained here for, and I am ready to do any thing' just then came the final crash, and the captain gave me to this man; who with the assistance of another dragged me on a piece of the wreck; this is the last I know of my husband, his foot-hold gave way and he sank into the waters, though the sailors saw him come up some distance off, on the mizen mast.

The breakers were dashing over us terribly, and washing me off every few minutes. Two or three times I sank expecting to rise no more and resigned my spirit to Him who gave it—but by violent struggles and the aid of the men, I gained my position once more. Three of the sailors soon found half of the quarter deck, whole and sound. This they soon gained, and threw us a rope to come to them, saying 'not a man of you come on board till Mrs. Cole is safely here.' My cloths had been near all torn and cut off, so that I felt the chill of the night air whenever the breeze sprang up, while the water was still washing over us, but

they did all they could to make me comfortable and dry as possible. Our raft bore us safely over the breakers, and we very soon found ourselves in smooth water. Here were the nine aloft on the same piece of wreck, but where was the tenth? But I forbear—I trust I shall soon meet him in New York.

Morning dawn. Again and again our hearts were cheered by the approach of a vessel and signals of distress were hoisted, but our hearts sank within us as each passed on its way heedless of our dismay. The day waned and night was coming on, when we discovered a schooner not far distant. We made a desperate effort to hail her, and now, O merciful Providence, she lowers her boat, and it makes for us! I shall not attempt to describe our emotions. For the first time I wept, and thoughts of my dear husband overcame me.—We bade adieu to our raft, that was then surrounded by turtles, dolphins and sharks, too ravenous to wait their time. A shark bit one of the sailors that had dropped his foot over the side.

On board the schooner Maraca, Captain El-dridge did everything in his power for our comfort. We remained on board four days, and then he hailed the steamship Knoxville, bound to Savannah, and asked Captain Ludlow if he would take us on board. 'Certainly bring them on board,' we heard him say with prompt cordiality.

On board the Knoxville we received the kindest treatment, a contribution for us, and on arriving at Savannah, Saturday morning, Capt. Ludlow took us on board the steamship Aladama, that was to sail for New York that evening, and now we are on board that finely-conducted boat, approaching the delightful shore, on entrance to New York.

## What is the Crimea?

FROM THE NEW BEDFORD MERCURY.

Homer calls it the land of the Laebrygonians, who were giants and ate men's flesh, and from whom the 'nauch-enduring' Ulysses escaped with some difficulty. The Crimea is also known to tragedy as Tauris, and the custom of sacrificing all strangers upon its altars, which then prevailed, shows that from the earliest ages it was a dangerous place for foreigners.—Then it was called Cimmeric, the land of darkness. To the sun loving islanders of the Egean night and storm and eternal winter dwelt beyond that Euxine sea which only a few adventurous mariners dared to penetrate. Cimmeric there is meaning in that name. It is only Crimea in its full development. It was one of the halts of the Caucasian tribe in their first western migration. The Tartars (Seythians) were then called) drove them out, and on they went, these wandering Cimmericians. They called themselves Cimbr when they are rived in Europe. A portion of them in Wales with fantastic legends of the fall Troy in their early and mythical history, are still known as the Cimbr; but they are the parents of all the race of the Celts; and now the invaders, English, French, Scotch, and Irish, are only seeking their ancestral place and making themselves at home after a tolerably long absence. They have found there the old Scythian tribe who ejected them. To be sure their former conquerors have not been in possession the whole time, nor much of it. Little more in fact than half a century is it since they finally took it into their keeping; for, after driving out the Cimmericians, they (these Scythian Tartars) were themselves expelled; but they have come back and got the start of the original owners, who now, after near two thousand years, have just returned to look after the old homestead.

There is another little association with the Crimea that to us Americans is interesting.—One John Smith, the same John Smith, the adventurous captain of Virginia, was also a warrior against the Turks or Tartars. He cut off several Moslem turbans with heads inside of them, but was unluckily captured and sold as a slave. He was carried up the Straits of Kerich and into the Sea of Azof. Somewhere in the Crimea or thereabouts his captivity ceased. He killed his master, seized his horse and clothes, and rode for dear life and the nearest Russian post, at that time to him nearly synonymous ideas. He was kindly received, and passed along from one Muscovite station to another back to friends and civilization. With every step a new installment of gratitude became due from him, which he duly discharged through his heirs and assigns; for he founded Virginia. Virginia is one day, with her sister colonies, became the United States of America. England was at war with France and her own revolted colonies. The house of Bourbon and the house of Guelf had no leisure to look eastward. In fact, there was not an 'Eastern question' at all. Catherine of Russia stepped in with her armies, and the Crimea was here. France came to the rescue only too late. English country gentlemen were too full of the Middlesex election and the American war, the 'no-popery' riots and the national debt to think much of the schemes of the Czars. Their Indian empire was but just beginning, and no Napoleon had taught them the value of the pashalik of Egypt to the over-

land route to the East. The fall of the Crimea was but the annexation of a barren Khanate, a revolted State of Turkey. The Austrian Empire could hardly have taken more interest in the annexation of Texas than England then did in the Crimea transfer to Russia. The seeds of future calamity are sown in silence.—'The tempest is foretold by a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand' which comes out of the sea; but to-day the Crimea is the centre of the world's gaze, and what is now passing on its soil may be changing the whole visible current of affairs.

We have made, in the foregoing, large draughts on a very entertaining and able article in the North American for October.

For the Free Press.

## DEATH.

BY PETERARY.

In looking around us we see the emblems of death and decay upon every hand. We gaze upon the flower in the morning as it stands with its untied leaves unfolded and decked with dew-drops that sparkle in the rays of the morning sun. But we look again and we behold its withered head hanging upon the slender stalk. Its beauty is gone and its fragrance has passed away. Thus the 'instability of life' is written upon everything in nature that we see around us, and we are constrained to say 'Surely man is but a shadow and life a dream.' At every step we meet with the foot-prints of the 'fell destroyer,' and as we wander along through the pathway of life we feel assured that we are liable at any moment to be struck down by a blow given from his unerring hand;—that in a short time we will close our eyes for the last time upon all earthly scenes and be borne to the cold, dark grave—there to return to our mother dust. The 'king of terrors' comes unbidden to the marble palace and to the humble cottage. With the same firm and heavy step, that he enters the lowly hut he also enters the royal chamber and lays his icy hand upon him who wields the scepter of power. The tolling bell—the rattling of the hearse as it passes by us on the street—the mournful procession—the new made grave—all remind us that we are being hurried to one common goal—that we are all travelling to the same place. In the morning we gaze upon the infant resting in its cradle, while its cheek is tinged with the glow of health;—but at noon the hand of disease is laid upon it, and at eve the little bud lies faded and blasted by the hand of death. We gaze upon the aged man whose locks are whitened by the frosts of many winters,—whose cheek has lost the flush of youth and we hear him say that his 'lamp of life is nearly extinguished'—that the grave will soon open to receive him, and that his feeble, tottering limbs will soon find a resting place in the silent tomb. Thus one by one the young—the middle aged, and the aged enter the dark current of death; and as we stand upon the brink of their graves we are admonished that we too must bow to the sceptre of the 'king of terrors.'

But after all, to those who have lived in obedience to the laws of God, death is only a short and tranquil sleep; and the grave a quiet and peaceful abode, where its inmates may rest secure from the darts of the evil one, and be free from the toils and cares of life. And although the infidel may write upon the tombstone, 'Death is an eternal sleep,' yet we are assured the time is coming when those that sleep in the tomb shall wake from their slumbers and forsake their silent abodes. 'Thy brother shall rise again,' said the son of God to the weeping sister—and with tears of sympathy upon his cheek, he called the spirit of that brother back to earth and restored him to his friends and to his home. Sister, thy brother shall rise again.—brother, thy sister—thy mother—Aye thy loved friends shall wake from the sleep of death. The morn will come.—The triumph of God will sound—wide open will be flung the golden gates of heaven, and while the Son of God appears in the clouds, surrounded by the angelic hosts; then the sainted dead shall rise—shake off the dust of the tomb, and ascend to meet their God and be escorted into the city of the New Jerusalem, where they shall dwell forever upon the banks of the 'River Nile.'

The vast throng has entered in—the golden gates are forever closed and naught is heard save the angelic harps mingled with the songs of the redeemed as they walk the golden streets of the celestial city. We now look back to earth and we behold others yet remaining who have also heard the summons and arose from their graves. But how changed the scene! They come not clothed in the wedding garment. They come not arrayed in the robes of righteousness. They come not to meet the smiles of an approving God. They come not to breathe eternal life, but only to die an eternal death. An eternal death! what words can convey to our minds the horrors of that second death?

Who sees it once shall wish to see it no more. Forever undimmed let it remain! Only this I may or can unfold—For out it thrust a dart that might have made The knees of terror quake, and on it hung, Within the triple bars, a being pierced

Thou' soul and body both, of heavenly make Original the being seemed, but fallen, And worn and wasted with enormous woe. And still around the everlasting woe. It withered convulsed, and uttered muffled groans; And tried and wished, and ever tried and wished To die, but could not die—Oh, horror! right! I trembling gasped, and listened, and heard this voice Approach my ear—This is Eternal Death. RICHMOND, OHIO.

## Survey of Lake Superior.

The several parties engaged in this survey upon Lake Superior, under the command of Lieutenants Rose and Reynolds and general command of Capt. J. N. Macomb, closed their work for the season in the last week of September.

The work performed during the present season has been of a very important nature. The corps under Lieut. Reynolds were ordered to make detached surveys of the most difficult and important harbors on the Keweenaw Range. This has been accomplished, and the work is marked so perfectly that when the general survey is prosecuted there will be no necessity for going over the ground a second time. The topography of the country has been made on this part of the work, the observations extending from three to five miles into the interior. The most prominent bluffs at this distance have been marked and such of the mines as are in sight of the lake. In addition to this, over 25,000 soundings have been made with the small lead and about 600 with the deep sea line. The result of the latter soundings cannot fail to be gratifying to the student and interesting to all connected with this country. Lieut. R. has in his possession earth brought up from the bottom of Lake Superior, 150 feet below the level of the ocean. The depth of which this was procured was 797 feet. The work on this section has been most thoroughly and faithfully performed, and reflects great credit upon those engaged in it. It is the wish and the hope of all interested in this country that the future surveys may be entrusted in this party. The extent of Lake coast surveyed by Lieut. Reynolds is embraced in the districts of Eagle River and Harbor, Copper Harbor, Agate Harbor, Grand Mores, and Ontonagon. Some other points were mentioned which we are unable to remember.

No less important is the work performed by the party under the command of Lieut. Rose. The survey of the Saut St. Marie river, together with the topography of the shores and islands in the 'Falls,' have been accurately made and noted. Whiskaia Bay and the creeks emptying into it have been thoroughly examined and all the shoals marked. Stations have been placed upon the most important points, and every care taken to mark all shoals that are dangerous. The total number of sounding has exceeded 45,000. It is worthy of remark that wherever soundings were made at the spots where the charts taken from the survey made by Capt. Bayfield showed his work they agreed exactly. This is a significant commentary upon the accuracy of his work, and one that is highly complimentary. Capt. Bayfield's charts are the only complete ones as yet of Lake Superior, and it must be gratifying to his friends to learn that they stand the most stringent test of accuracy; and, as a matter of course, their value is much enhanced.—[Lake Superior Journal.]

## Platform of the Pro-Slavery Party in Illinois.

2. Resolved, That we re-affirm the time honored principles of the Democracy, and we believe that the only sure guarantee for the public tranquility is by a strict adherence to the provisions of the Constitution, and by non-intervention upon the subject of Slavery, applying alike to the States and Territories, observed in the passage of the Compromise measures of 1850, and confirmed in the Kansas Nebraska act, the corollary of the former measure by which Congress has declared that it is their 'true intent and meaning not to legislate Slavery into any State or Territory, nor to exclude it therefrom but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States,' and that we do pledge ourselves to maintain and execute the Compromise of 1850, including the Fugitive Slave Law and the Kansas and Nebraska act of 1854, as we hold that they are wise and just measures, and should remain undisturbed for the preservation of the national peace, and the Union of the States.

3. Resolved, That we approve of the administration of President Pierce, and endorse in the principles set forth in his inaugural address and elucidated and enforced in his annual and special messages, and carried into practical operation in the leading measures of his administration.

If Locofocoism, with such a platform, can win in Illinois, the Republicans are not such men as their brethren in Ohio.

A magnificent public Park, two miles and one third in length, by three-fifths of a mile in breadth, is talked of in New York—the cost will be between five and six millions of dollars. It is not probable that this scheme will be carried into effect, as poor New York is already involved in debt. But it shows that the inhabitants of some of our cities are becoming aware of the necessity of public parks.